

The Mirror

OF

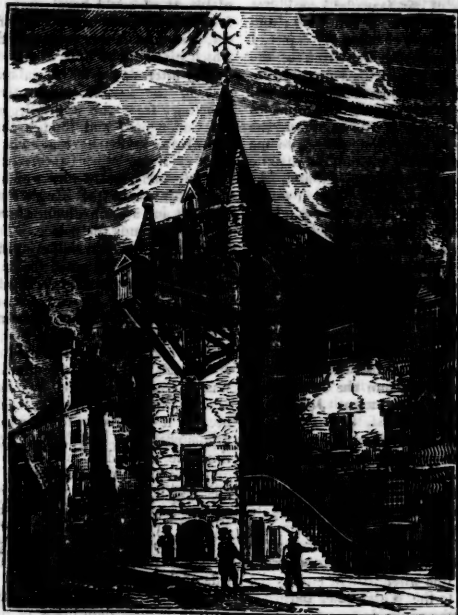
LITERATURE, AMUSEMENT, AND INSTRUCTION.

No. 294.]

SATURDAY, JANUARY 19, 1838.

[PRICE 2d.]

Illustrations of the Waverley Novels.



THE CANONGATE, EDINBURGH.

PASSING through the narrow straits of Sydney's-alley, our attention was lately attracted by a small but spirited lithographic drawing of "The Canongate, Edinburgh," occupying a front place in a printseller's window, where, as we learnt on inquiry, it had just been placed. The sketch being a recent one, with the permission of the artist, we determined on appropriating it to our "Waverley Illustrations," for the last published work, the "Chronicles of the Canongate;" and although it is not upon our usual system viz. to begin at the beginning,—we trust our authenticity and desire to take popularity by the forelock will apologize for this irregularity.

The Canongate is, as many of our readers may be aware, the St. Giles's o.

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Edinburgh. Our engraving represents the Court House; but of the neighbourhood it will be more in character to let the author of "Waverley" speak for himself; accordingly, Sir Walter loquutus:—

Sic itur ad astra.—"This is the path to heaven." Such is the ancient motto attached to the armorial bearings of the Canongate, and which is inscribed, with greater or less propriety, upon all the public buildings, from the church to the pillory, in the ancient quarter of Edinburgh, which bears, or rather once bore, the same relation to the Good Town that Westminster does to London, being still possessed of the palace of the sovereign, as it formerly was dignified by the residence of the principal nobility and gen-

* See "Chronicles of the Canongate," vol. i.

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try. I may, therefore, with some propriety, put the same motto at the head of the literary undertaking by which I hope to illustrate the hitherto undistinguished name of *Chrysal Croftangry*.

After running through the follies of his youth, Croftangry comes to a stand, and reduces his conduct to *rules*.

My course of life, (says he,) could not last. I ran too fast to run long; and when I would have checked my career, I was perhaps too near the brink of the precipice. Some mishaps I prepared by my own folly, others came upon me unawares. I put my estate out to nurse to a fat man of business, who smothered the babe he should have brought back to me in health and strength, and, in dispute with this honest gentleman, I found, like a skilful general, that my position would be most judiciously assumed by taking it up near the Abbey of Holyrood. It was then I first became acquainted with the quarter, which my little work will, I hope, render immortal, and grew familiar with those magnificent wilds, through which the kings of Scotland once chased the dark-brown deer, but which were chiefly recommended to me in those days, by their being inaccessible to those metaphysical persons, whom the law of the neighbouring country terms John Doe and Richard Roe.

Dire was the strife betwixt my quondam deer and myself; during which my motions were circumscribed, like those of some conjured demon, within a circle, which, "beginning at the northern gate of the King's Park, thence running northwards, is bounded on the left by the king's garden-wall, and the gutter or kennel, in a line wherewith it crosses the High Street to the Water-gate, and passing through the sewer, is bounded by the walls of the Tennis-court and Physic-garden, &c. Then it follows the wall of the church-yard, joins the north-west wall of the St. Ann's Yards, and going east to the clack mill-house, turns southward to the turnstile in the king's park-wall, and includes the whole King's Park within the Sanctuary."

These limits, which I abridge from the accurate Maitland, once marked the Girth, or Asylum, belonging to the Abbey of Holyrood, and which, being still an appendage to the royal palace, has retained the privilege of an asylum for civil debt. One would think the space sufficiently extensive for a man to stretch his limbs in, as, besides a reasonable proportion of level ground, (considering that the scene lies in Scotland,) it includes within its precincts the mountain of Arthur's Seat, and the rocks and pas-

ture land called Salisbury Crag. But yet it is inexpressible how, after a certain time had elapsed, I used to long for the Sunday, which permitted me to extend my walk without limitation. During the other six days of the week I felt a sickness of heart, which, but for the speedy approach of the hebdomadal day of liberty, I could hardly have endured. I experienced the impatience of a mastiff, who tugs in vain to extend the limits which his chain permits.

Day after day I have walked by the side of the kennel which divides the Sanctuary from the unprivileged part of the Canonate; and though the month was July, and the scene was the old town of Edinburgh, I preferred it to the fresh air and verdant turf which I might have enjoyed in the King's Park, or to the cool and solemn gloom of the portico which surrounds the palace. To an indifferent person either side of the gutter would have seemed much the same—the houses equally mean, the children as ragged and dirty, the carmen as brutal, the whole forming the same picture of low life in a deserted and impoverished quarter of a large city. But to me the gutter, or kennel, was what the brook Kidron was to Shimei; death was denounced against him should he cross it, doubtless because it was known to his wisdom who pronounced the doom, that from that time the devoted man's desire to transgress the precept would become irresistible, and he would be sure to draw down on his head the penalty which he had already justly incurred by cursing the anointed of God. For my part, all Elysium seemed opening on the other side of the kennel, and I envied the little blackguards, who, stopping the current with their little dam-dikes of mud, had a right, during the operation, to stand on either side of the nasty puddle which best pleased them. I was so childish as even to make an occasional excursion across, were it only for a few yards, and felt the triumph of a school-boy, who, trespassing in an orchard, hurries back again with a fluttering sensation of joy and terror, betwixt the pleasure of having executed his purpose, and the fear of being taken or discovered.

I have sometimes asked myself, what I should have done in case of actual imprisonment, since I could not bear without impatience a restriction which is comparatively a mere trifle; but I really could never answer the question to my own satisfaction. I have all my life hated those treacherous expedients called *messo-termini*, and it is possible with this disposition I might have endured

more patiently an absolute privation of liberty, than the more modified restrictions to which my residence in the Sanctuary at this period subjected me. If, however, the feelings I then experienced were to increase in intensity according to the difference between a jail and my actual condition, I must have hanged myself, or pined to death; there could have been no other alternative.

In the latter part of this quotation, the southerners may learn that the northern metropolis has its St. George's-fields as well as London; but whether its bounds rescind theatres and coffee-houses we are not apprized. In fidelity and merit of execution, what Sir Walter has accomplished on paper, Mr. Haydon has just effected on canvass; and doubtless their respective labours will be read and visited with equal effect.

Ancient Roman Festivals.

JANUARY.

(For the Mirror.)

THE Romans had numerous stated feasts in honour of their deities and heroes, as well as movable and occasional ones; they were divided into days of banqueting and feasting; days of games, and days of rest, or *feria*. The feasts celebrated to the honour of the deceased, were either private or public. The private feasts (says Kennett) *for the living*, were kept at the tomb of the deceased, by the nearest friends and relations only. The public feasts were when the heirs or friends of some rich or great person obliged the people with a general treat to his honour and memory; as Cicero reports of the funeral of Scipio Africanus, and Dio of that of Sylla; and Suetonius relates that Julius Caesar gave the people a feast in memory of his daughter.

The method by which the Romans reckoned the days of their months was by the Kalends, Nones, and Ides. The Nones were so called, because they reckoned nine days from them to the Ides. The Ides were generally about the middle of the month, which word is derived from *Iduare*, an obsolete verb, signifying to divide. The Kalends were always fixed to the first day of every month, but the Nones and the Ides in four months, were on different days than on the other eight. For March, May, July, and October, had six Nones a-piece, the other only four. Therefore in the first the Nones were the 7th, and the Ides the 15th; in the last, the Nones the 5th, and the Ides the 13th. (See Kennett's *Antiquities of Rome*.)

The Kalends, or the 1st of January,

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was noted for the entering the magistrates on their office, and for the wishing of good fortune, and sending presents to one another among friends. The *Agonalia* were feasts celebrated in honour of Janus, or as some would have it, in honour of the god *Agontus*, whom the Romans used to invoke upon their undertaking any business of importance; they were instituted by Numa and held on the 5th of the Ides of January, and at other times.

The *Carmentalia* was a festival kept every year by the Roman matrons in honour of *Carmenta*, a propheticess of Arcadia. It was instituted on account of the reconciliation between the Roman ladies and their husbands, after there had been a long difference between them, owing to the use of coaches being prohibited them by an edict of the senate. It was celebrated on the 11th of January.

The *Compitalia* were feasts held in honour of the *Lares*,^{*} in all the cross roads both of town and country. These feasts are more ancient than the building of Rome; during their celebration, each family placed at the door of their house the statues of the goddess *Mania*; they also hung out figures of wool, representing men and women, praying that the *Lares* and *Mania* would be content with those figures, and spare the people of the house. The slaves offered balls of wool instead of figures of men, and were free during these feasts.

The Roman calendar fixes them on the 12th of January, but it appears they had not any fixed day, the feast being then movable. It was ordinarily held on the 4th of the Nones of February, i. e. on the 2nd of that month. (See Kennett; and Rees's *Cyclopædia*.) P. T. W.

CANZONET, FROM THE ITALIAN.

LA BELLA NANO.

(For the Mirror.)

THY delectable hand, fair maid, to me
Is levellier than the rose we see
Hang on the drooping thorn,
Or when Aurora decks the skies
With choicest flowers from Paradise,
To greet th' approach of morn!

Seek not to ornament that hand
With sparkling gem or costly band.

Best set with pearls or gold:
No jewels from Golconda's mine
Could fairer make that hand of thine,
Than what I now behold.

* Certain demons, genii, or spirits, believed to preside over various affairs, worshipped in houses, and entreated the guardians and protectors of families, supposed to reside in the chimney corner.

But let some other hand rehearse
Thy matchless charms in loftier verse
Than this my humble lay;
Let me no more the theme renew,
When I recall to mind 'twas you
That stole my heart away! E. L. I.

MAN.

(WRITTEN AFTER READING THE BOOK OF JOB.)

(For the Mirror.)

When sang the morning star,
And angels from afar
Shouted triumphantly—
When earth on air was afung
And light from darkness sprung,
Oh, man, where wert thou?
Seest thou the concave sky,
And those bright worlds on high,
Say thou, whence are they?

Canst thou mete out the sea?
Or lull the winds' commotion
To calm tranquillity?

Canst thou Orion force?
Or stay Arcturus' course?
Or Pleiades confine?

Who reard the frowning rock,
Or rul'd the earthquake's shock,
Or pour'd the lightning's flash,
Or swell'd the torrent's dash?
Oh, mortal! was it thou?

Know'st thou the whirlwind's home,
Or where wild tempests roam,
Or where the snows abide?

Bid, then, thy thunders roll,
And sound from pole to pole
Thine awful majesty.

Stretch forth thy hand on high,
And bid thy heralds fly
Obedient to thy word.

It is not thine to do;
How circumscrib'd and few
Are man's abilities!

Be humble, and confess
Thine own unworthiness
Before Omnipotence.

Prostrate before his shrine,
Acknowledge Him divine,
And weep thy sinfulness.

D. A. H.

SONG, "COME TO ME!"

(For the Mirror.)

When the glowworm gleameth
Among the flowers,
And the white dove dreameth
Away the hours—
When the moonlit fountain
Is cold and lone,
And to dreary mountain
The hawk has flown—
When the song of the spirit
Is on the blast,
And the flowers inherit
The sweets we taste—

When the dreams then fear
Will not flee,
Sweetest! dearest!
Come to me!

The dark river rushes
Beside thy home,
Where the wild race flashes
The passing foam—
And the wind roars loudly
Above thy bed,
When the old oak proudly
Uprears his head—
And wind and river
May shake thy cot,
Though trees may ever
Regard them not—
The heart then choicest
Will cheer thee—
Then, sweetest! dearest
Come to me!

THOMAS M.—2.

ERASMUS AND SIR THOMAS MORE.

[We have received *two* translations of Erasmus's epigram to Sir Thomas More, (see No. 292, p. 6.) and below are the *variae lectiones* of the translators.]

Sir Thomas, what to me you said
About the sacramental bread
I trust you'll put in practice;
Believe your horse is by your side,
And though in Holland him I ride,
I do you no injustice. C. C. C.

To me what you said
Of the body in bread,
But believe that you taste, and you taste it
So to thee I write back
Of thy favourite hack,
But believe that thou hast, and thou hast it.
M. A. H.

What to me you once said
Of the sacrament bread,
"Tis flesh, if you're faith to believe it;"
In turn I repeat
Of your palfrey—if you
Believe you receive, you receive it.

From what to me of late you said,
Of Jesus's body form'd from bread,
By faith's consuming power,
I, for the horse you kindly lent,
This letter, my dear friend, have sent,
Faith can your horse restore.

A CONSERVATIVE READER.

You tell me, More, the thing is not a cheat,
"Believe you eat, and you do really eat;"
And I reply, as well as I am able,
Believe you have your nag—his is in your stable
Tottenham. A FRIEND.

LINES

(For the Mirror.)

Oh, say she only thinks of me,
Or tell me I'm forgot;
And haply I content will be,
Whatever may prove my lot.

But, ah, with fell uncertainty
For heav'n's decree we not,
Or tell me Julia thinks of me,
Or say she loves me not.

Some worthier suitor may possess
Her prize's affections—I,
Before I'd cloud her happiness,
More willingly would die.

Oh, tell me then what fate ordains,
For I will not repine;
Love purest in my bosom reigns,
Her happiness is mine.

DANIELS.

NETLEY ABBEY.*

(For the Mirror.)

HAIL, Netley! rudely, hollow'd, and lone,
Still frowns thy dark form o'er the foaming sea,
Still dost thou make the shelving shore thy throne.

How oft man's insect race have ceased to be,
And blent their proud dust with the dust of thee,

Since thy tall towers in their young grandeur rose;
And the sweet sounds of choral melody
Awoke thy cloisters at the even's close,
Still darest thou make the shelving shore thy throne.

Here would the knight forsake the lance and glaive,
And all the honours of the field forego;
And that red hand, which erst was wont to wave

The blood-stained brand above the fallen foe,
Would hold the sacred cross; and that high brow,
Above whose crested helm and nodding plume
Wan terror sat, and mock'd at human woe,
Contented would the humble cowi assume,
And war's resplendent laurels shroud in monkish gloom.

Here came the lady fair, whose name was breathed
By love's soft sighs and minstrel's melody,
Whose brow was as a rose which wreathed

But not confin'd each eye, which was free
As the light breeze it sported with could be.
She came in all her youthful loveliness,
Perchance obedient to her sire's decree,
Perchance the victim of some dark distress,
Which secret passions within the heart's recesses

Within you while the pilgrim found repose:
A weary wanderer to a distant shrine,

* These lines were forwarded to us some time since, and have been in type, that is, composed by the printer, upwards of a month. Other articles of prior date, especially those of sensible importance, have, however, compelled us to defer their insertion. We mention this circumstance, or explanation, as in the interim they have been inserted in the *Literary Chronicle*, notwithstanding they were originally forwarded to us, and received our special approval for insertion. We cannot always keep pace with the anxiety of our correspondents; but it should be a point of etiquette with them not to send the same article to two editors without apprising the first of their determination.

He calmly slept, forgetful of his woes.
And there the crestéd knight of Palestine
Was welcom'd with the banquet and red wine.
Much had he suffer'd on the Pagan's shore,
Ere Christian valour dimm'd the Crescent's shine;

But now those toils and sufferings were o'er,
He sees his native land—his lady-love once more.

He comes! and bends him at his mistress' feet
And in her sun-like smile a welcome sees;
Sweet is the sound of fame, but oh! how sweet
Is that dear voice which hath more power to please

Than shouts of thousands mingling with the breeze.

Within his sheath he hides his bright sword rest,
His bark no more is on the storm-wake seas,
No more he tramples on the Pagan's crest,
His lion heart is tamed—he sleeps on beauty's breast.

And such thy fond and fleeting dreams, No chance!

Which o'er our little life their magic sting:
Albeit soon waken'd from the short-lived trance,

We see each air-born happiness take wing,
We writhe repugnant to the torturing sting
That disappointed hope behind it leaves;
Who would leave fancy for what fact could bring!

Though all too fragile be the charms she weaves,
Certes most happy he whom most her spell deceives.

Netley, farewell! as moulders still each stone,
Though clinging ivy and the waving wand
Their green luxuriance have in mockery thrown,

So pleasure cannot hid one woe record:
The brow may brighten, but the heart will bleed.

Full many revel but to drown their woe
In wine's sweet Lethe, wishing to be freed
From cares that waste the soul, and thoughts that throw

Their dark despair o'er life, and cause the tear to flow.

Netley, farewell! we linger, as thy face
In shadows fades upon the distant view;
Another gaze, and we may look in vain,
Nor see thee rise above the waters blue.

Thus time doth snatch away the fond and true,
Whose sole remembrance is the turf or stone,
Which doth divide us from the chosen few,
Whose hearts have beat responsive to our own;

Pilgrims, through life we pass, tired, wandering,
and alone. R. H.

† D'alcun brevo riposo, ov' ella obblia,
La noia, e l'mai della passata via.

PETRARCA.

‡ Molto soffrì nel glorioso acquisto
Tanto Garzadame Liberata.

Retrospective Gleanings.

STATE OF SOCIETY, &c. IN ENGLAND
IN THE SIXTEENTH CENTURY.

THE state of society at an early period
contrasted with our present condition,

affords an interesting and instructive narrative: whether we view the vast operations of the human mind, as productive of incalculable good, or whether we assign each progressive improvement to the benevolent care of the Supreme Being, we shall be the more disposed to admire the sovereign wisdom which gave us our present enjoyments, for nothing is more absurd than the idea which many people still entertain of ancient English hospitality and content. In the following sketch we have thrown together a few of the principal enjoyments and inconveniences of our ancestors in the sixteenth century, drawn from authentic sources.

In the time of Henry VIII. the principal houses in London were built of wood, ill constructed, with narrow lattices to admit the light. Some attempts were made to erect them with brick and stone, generally covered with mortar, but they were wretchedly executed; the parlours and rooms of state were strewn with rushes, which were only changed when absolutely necessary. The streets were intersected with ditches and ponds, into which all manner of filth was cast; the byways strewn with carcasses of putrid beasts, and dirt of every description, rendered the air as unwholesome and impure as it is now healthy. Glass windows in churches, also, were extremely rare previous to the Reformation.

In the time of Erasmus, the state of English learning appears to have been nothing short of impudent pedantry. The habits and conversations of the learned and unlearned were ridiculous in the extreme. Aubrey informs us, that a little gravity was then taken for wisdom; doctors were little better than old boys, delighting in quaint language, and stooping even to quibble, not only in their discourse, but even on the bench and in the pulpit.*

The gentry and citizens had very little learning to boast of; they were haughty, rude, and almost uncivilized; their sons and daughters, even of twenty and thirty years of age, were obliged to stand in their parent's presence like mutes at a funeral, unceremoniously forbidden to speak in their father or mother's presence. The children perfectly loathed the sight of their parents, as much as any poor child could do at the prospect of a whipping; for we are informed on good authority, that the parents indiscriminately whipped their sons and daughters for the most trivial offence or disobedience.

The use of "Your humble servant," came into England about the middle of

* See an old MS. of Aubrey, preserved in the Ashmolean Museum, Oxon.

this century; previously, the common salutation was, "God be with you," or "God keep you," and among the lower orders of the populace, "How dost do," accompanied generally with a sharp thump on the shoulder.

The prices of provisions were remarkable, compared to what they are now: between the years 1550 and 1560, an old author tells us, that at that time, he could buy the best pig or goose in the kingdom for four-pence, or about double that sum of our present money; a good capon for about the same price; a hen for two-pence; and a chicken for a penny; but in size and flavour it is not too much to affirm, that they had no comparison with the same articles in our day.

Coaches were first introduced into England by the Earl of Arundel, in 1590. "Before that time, (says Hume,) the queen, on public occasions, rode behind her chamberlain!" an assertion scarcely worthy of credit, for if she appeared alone on horseback, at Tilbury Fort, in 1588, we should think she must have learned to ride. Would a queen of Elizabeth's temper mount behind one of her own servants, as the above passage specifies? is a question which would naturally be answered in the negative. The supposition is perfectly ridiculous, and for which Mr. Hume does not assign any authority.

I have an account of the christening of a child of John, Marquess of Baden, Sept. 30, 1565, to which Queen Elizabeth was sponsor. It is curious, and I have abridged it.

The back part of the stalls at the Chapel Royal, Westminster, was hung with tapestry, representing the twelve months, and covered with rich arms. The upper part was hung with gold cloth, and on the south side was a rich traverse for her majesty. The communion table was furnished with plate and jewels almost without number, and needless to enumerate, except two pair of gold candlesticks, with lights of wax, and the cross. The chapel being all ready and the necessary preparations finished, the child was brought from the house, as follows: About five o'clock, (P. M.) first, the gentlemen of the Marquess of Baden, then a gentleman usher before the child, bare-headed, then the child itself, borne by the nurse in a white satin frock, covered with a rich mantle, and a face of cloth; the train being supported by Lady Fitzwilliam, assisted by Sir Roger Manners, and Sir H. Ratcliffe, followed by numerous ladies, and several maidens, all dressed with unusual pomp and magnificence; having proceeded to the court in

this order. the lord chamberlain met the child, and brought it into the vestry, where it remained. The queen then went in state to her grand closet, as on festivals; service being performed, she left the chapel and proceeded to her traverse. The font being hallowed by the prelates of London, Canterbury, Salisbury, and Oxford, and the preparations completed, her majesty was pleased to give the child the name of *Edwardus Fortunatus*. The Bishop of London performing the ceremony, the other bishops stood by in their lawn sleeves, as sureties for the child; then after divers gifts of great value, but which would take half a sheet to describe, had been presented at the font, the ceremony concluded, and the whole procession retired back in the same order. The Marquess of Baden thanked the company for the great trouble they had taken, and also for the presents they had given, after which, (as appears from the history) the company separated. F. J. P. F.

Manners & Customs of all Nations.

VAN DIEMAN'S LAND.

THE convicts are the worst feature in Van Dieman's Land, which, like an ugly nose, spoils the face of the country. The most desperate are formed into gangs, and work upon the roads in chains; they leave and return to the gaol at stated hours, when a bell rings, and are always guarded by soldiers. It is difficult to imagine a more reckless, horrid-looking set of wretches than most of them. There are others engaged on the public works, who are unfettered. Many are servants to the settlers, and some good ones, and there are several instances of convicts returning into the pale of respectable society, realizing fortunes, and marrying their children into decent families, and the bar of transportation in their escutcheon is overlooked. A sober, industrious population, with a sufficient capital to rouse and reward their energies, would make this country all that is desirable. Drunkenness is the most common vice among the lower orders; and sheep stealing the most common offence, and that not confined to the lowest. Many are implicated as being guilty of similar practices, and of harbouring the bush rangers (as the convicts are sometimes called,) who often commit great outrages up the country, and then carry their booty to these nefarious settlers.

CANTON.

THIS city contains about 800,000 inhabitants, including those who live in boats. It occupies about five miles on one side of the river, and three miles on the other.

The business carried on in it is prodigious. Everything is in perpetual motion; and yet perfect order reigns throughout. The factories belonging to the East India Company are very extensive; although they are comprehended in the space of about a quarter of a square mile. In the island of Hainan is one of the most ancient of the Chinese temples. It occupies a large plot of ground; and the duties of it are discharged by a hundred priests. In one part of it are kept twelve hogs of extraordinary size, which are fed and attended to with the greatest care. Some of these animals are, they say, sixty years old.

CEYLON SHELL FISHERIES.

THESE fisheries seem to have been carried on along the same parts of the respective coasts of the peninsula of India and of Ceylon from the most ancient times, as I ascertained in the course of an examination which I made of the coast near Killicarré. I have little doubt that Killicarré was, as is stated by some authors, the Colchia mentioned in the Periplus of the Erythrean sea; and that the pearl fishery which is mentioned in the Periplus as having been carried on at Colchia in ancient times, is the same pearl fishery as that which is now carried on off the coast of Tuticoreen and Killicarré. — *Correspondent Trans. Asiatic Society.*

LINGGA.

IN the last volume of the Transactions of the Batavian Society of Arts and Sciences is an interesting paper by M. Van Angelbeek, on the island of Lingga. It is divided into three parts. In the first, he considers the island in a geological point of view; the second he devotes to the history and moral condition of the Malays; and in the third he describes their government, trade, and occupations. The island of Lingga is the actual residence of the primitive Malays. Its capital, called *Kuala-Dai*, is the ordinary place of abode of the sultan. Its climate is healthy; and there are but few diseases, the principal of which are of the skin. This island is very mountainous, and is covered with wood. In its forests grows the fine tree called *chaleas panisulata*; and the soil indicates the presence of rich tin mines. It is also said that there is some gold. M. Van Angelbeek observes that the country is magnificent, that nature shows herself there in all her force; but that it is vexatious to see that the natives benefit only partially from its fertility. They devote themselves but little to agriculture, which is held in disesteem. Fishing is almost their sole occupation, and the fish are abundant and excellent.

Ancient Cross in Bakewell Church-Yard.



Sir.—In a late Number of your interesting MIRROR you favoured us with an engraving of Haddon Hall, and a description of that venerable mansion; and I am now happy to have it in my power to follow up so entertaining a subject, by furnishing you with an old engraving of an ancient cross, which stands in the church-yard of Bakewell. The church itself is of great antiquity; in it there is also a very curious old font, perhaps of later date even than the church. In one of the chancels is raised a tomb for Sir George Vernon and his two wives, with their full-length figures on it. Against the wall are two fine alabaster monuments, the one for Sir John Manners and Dorothy his wife, daughter and coheir of Sir George Vernon; and the other for Sir George Manners and his wife, and their four sons and five daughters, with their

figures on it. This monument was erected at the cost of Sir George's wife in her lifetime. In the east chancel of the church is a small, raised, alabaster tomb for John Vernon, son and heir of Henry Vernon, who died August 12, 1477. The letters of the inscription were originally raised, but having been damaged, are now let into the slab, the old form of them being preserved. There is a Saxon arch at the west end of the church, with curious sculpture on it. Some time ago a Roman altar was dug up near Bakewell, which is now to be seen in a dark part of the chapel of Haddon Hall. There is, according to Camden, the following inscription visible:

Deo Marti
Braciaco
Oesitius Cecilian
Prefect
Tro . . .
V. S.

In the church-yard of Bakewell is the above ancient cross, which is reported to have been removed there from some other place. On the top of the cross is a rude representation of the crucifixion, much disfigured. The figures next to it I am unable to describe; the next appears to me to be a pope or cardinal; and the last one is difficult to distinguish; I have sometimes thought it intended for the Virgin Mary, with the infant Jesus in her arms. It no doubt has been the finest carving of the whole, though it is now so much defaced. This is the west side of the cross. The others bear nothing particular, save the east, on the top of which is a rude figure, something like St. George and the Dragon. The sculpture is very fine on all sides of it, and originally it was a handsome monument.

W. H. H.

Anecdotal Portraits of Eminent Contemporaries.

[In an age of autobiography, like the present, it becomes our duty to snatch from the stream of time, and sift from the common conceits of self-biographers, such outlines of contemporary genius as familiarity and frequent intercourse may have enabled the limners to sketch with more than ordinary accuracy. Such is the intention of the present subdivision of our pages. It has been observed, that great contemporaries "whet each other," and if this be true, little can escape the microscopic eye of such intimates. A desire to gratify improper curiosity may sometimes induce them to overstep the decorum of friendship; but he who studies mankind will be able to detect the weaknesses of the biographer as well as the misgivings of his originals. At

the commencement of the book-season it is hoped that this series of sketches continued occasionally, will introduce our readers to a gallery of portraits of living personages, or of such as are recently deceased; and thus depict no unimportant portion of the characteristics of our own times.]

CAMPBELL THE POET.

THEY who know Mr. Campbell only as the author of "Gertrude of Wyoming," and "The Pleasures of Hope," would not suspect him to be a merry companion, overflowing with humour and anecdote, and anything but fastidious. These Scotch poets have always something in reserve. It is the only point in which the major part of them resemble their countrymen. The mistaken character which the lady formed of Thomson from his "Seasons," is well known. He let part of the secret out in his "Castle of Indolence;" and the more he let out, the more honour it did to the simplicity and cordiality of the poet's nature, though not always to the elegance of it. Allan Ramsay knew his friends Gay and Somerville as well in their writings, as he did when he came to be personally acquainted with them; but Allan, who had bustled up from a barber's shop into a bookseller's, was "a cunning shaver," and nobody would have guessed the author of "The Gentle Shepherd" to be penurious. Let none suppose that any insinuation to that effect is intended against Mr. Campbell. He is one of the few men whom I could at any time walk half-a-dozen miles through the snow to spend an afternoon with; and I could no more do this with a penurious man, than I could with a sulky one. I know of but one fault he has, besides an extreme cautiousness in his writings; and that one is national, a matter of words, and amply overpaid by a stream of conversation, lively, piquant, and liberal, not the less interesting for occasionally betraying an intimacy with pain, and for a high and somewhat strained tone of voice, like a man speaking with suspended breath, and in the habit of subduing his feelings. No man, I should guess, feels more kindly towards his fellow-creatures, or takes less credit for it. When he indulges in doubt and sarcasm, and speaks contemptuously of things in general, he does it, partly, no doubt, out of actual dissatisfaction, but more perhaps than he suspects, out of a fear of being thought weak and sensitive; which is a blind that the best men very commonly practise. Mr. Campbell professes to be hopeless and sarcastic, and

takes pains all the while to set up an universality.

When I first saw this eminent person, he gave me the idea of a French Virgil. Not that he is like a Frenchman, much less the French translator of Virgil. I found him as handsome as the Abbé Delille is said to have been ugly. But he seemed to me to embody a Frenchman's ideal notion of the Latin poet; something a little more cut and dry than I had looked for; compact and elegant, critical and acute, with a consciousness of authorship upon him; a taste over-anxious not to commit itself, and refining and diminishing nature as in a drawing-room mirror. This fancy was strengthened in the course of conversation, by his expatiating on the greatness of Racine. I think he had a volume of the French tragedian in his hand. His skull was sharply cut and fine; with plenty, according to the phrenologists, both of the reflective and amative organs; and his poetry will bear them out. For a lettered solitude, and a bridal property got up, both according to law and luxury, commend us to the lovely "Gertrude of Wyoming." His face and person were rather on a small scale; his features regular; his eyes lively and penetrating; and when he spoke, dimples played about his mouth, which nevertheless had something restrained and close in it. Some gentle puritan seemed to have stamped the breed, and to have left a stamp on his face, such as we often see in the Scotch face rather than the male. But he appeared not at all grateful for this; and when his critiques and his Virgilianism were over, very unlike a puritan he talked! He seemed to spite his restrictions; and out of the natural largeness of his sympathy with things high and low, to break at once out of Delille's "Virgil" into Cotton's, like a boy let out from school. When I have the pleasure of hearing him now, I forget his Virgilianisms, and think only of the delightful companion, the unaffected philanthropist, and the creator of a beauty worth all the heroines in Racine.—Lord Byron, and some of his Contemporaries, by Leigh Hunt.

MR. CANNING AND HIS SERVANT.

When at college, he was attended by a very faithful servant, who, like all surrounding his patron, became much attached to him. Francis, for such was his name, was always distinguished for his blunt honesty, and his familiarity with his master. During Mr. Canning's early political career, Francis continued

to live with him. Mr. Canning, whose love of fun was innate, used sometimes to play off his servant's bluntness upon his right honourable friends. One of these, whose honours did not sit so easily upon him as upon the late premier, had forgotten Francis, though often indebted to his kind offices at Oxford. Francis complained to Mr. Canning that Mr. W. did not speak to him. "Pooh," said Mr. Canning, "it is all your fault; you should speak first; he thinks you proud. He dines here to-day—go up to him in the drawing-room, and congratulate him upon the post he has just got." Francis was obedient. Surrounded by a splendid ministerial circle, Francis advanced to the astonished statesman, with "How d'ye do, Mr. W. I hope you're very well—I wish you joy of your luck, and hope your place will turn out a good thing." The roar was of course universal. The same Francis afterwards obtained a comfortable birth in the customs through his kind master's interest. He was a staunch Tory. During the queen's trial he met Mr. Canning in the street. "Well, Francis, how are you?" said the statesman, who had just resigned his office, holding out his hand. "It is not well, Mr. Canning," replied Francis, refusing the pledge of friendship; "it is not well, Mr. Canning, that you should say anything in favour of that ——" "But, Francis, political differences should not separate old friends—give me your hand." The sturdy politician at length consented to honour the ex-minister with a shake of forgiveness. It is said that Mr. Canning did not forget Francis when he returned to power.—*Annual Biography and Obituary for 1828.*

MATHEWS, THE COMEDIAN.

Among the visitors at Sydenham, was Mr. Mathews the comedian. I have had the pleasure of seeing him there more than once, and of witnessing his imitations, which, admirable as they are on the stage, are still more so in a private room. Once and away his wife used to come with him, with her handsome eyes; and charitably make tea for us. The other day I had the pleasure of seeing them at their own table; and I thought that while Time, with unusual courtesy, had spared the sweet countenance of the one, he had given more force and interest to that of the other in the very ploughing of it up. Strong lines have been cut, and the face has stood them well. I have seldom been more surprised than in coming close to Mr. Mathews on that occasion, and in seeing the bust that he has in his gallery of his friend Mr. Liston.

Some of these comic actors, like comic writers, are as unfarcical as can be imagined in their interior. The taste for humour comes to them by the force of contrast. The last time I had seen Mr. Mathews, his face appeared to me insignificant to what it was then. On the former occasion, he looked like an irritable in-door pet: on the latter, he seemed to have been grappling with the world, and to have got vigour by it. His face had looked out upon the Atlantic, and said to the old waves, "Buffet on; I have seen trouble as well as you." The paralytic affection, or whatever it was, that twisted his mouth when young, had formerly appeared to be master of his face, and given it a character of indecision and alarm. It now seemed a minor thing; a twist in a piece of old oak. And what a bust was Mr. Liston's! The mouth and chin, with the throat under it, hung like an old bag; but the upper part of the head is as fine as possible: there is a speculation, a look-out, and even an elevation of character in it, as unlike the Liston on the stage, as Lear is to King Pippin. One might imagine Labeus to have had such a face.

One morning, after stopping all night, I was getting up to breakfast, when I heard the noise of a little boy having his face washed. Our host was a merry bachelor, and to the roisiness of a priest might, for aught I knew, have added the paternity; but I had never heard of it, and still less expected to find a child in his house. More obvious and obstreperous proofs, however, of the existence of a boy with a dirty face, could not have been met with. You heard the child crying and objecting; then the woman remonstrating; then the cries of the child were snubbed and swallowed up in the hard towel; and, at intervals, out came his voice bubbling and deploring, and was again swallowed up. At breakfast, the child being pitied, I ventured to speak about it, and was laughing and sympathizing in perfect good faith, when Mr. Mathews came in, and I found that the little urchin was he. The same morning he gave us his immortal imitation of old Tate Wilkinson, patentee of the York theatre. Tate had been a little too merry in his youth, and was very melancholy in old age. He had a wandering mind and a decrepit body; and being manager of a theatre, a husband, and a rat-catcher, he would speak, in his wanderings, "variety of wretchedness." He would interweave, for instance, all at once, the subjects of a new engagement at this theatre, the rats, a veal-pie, Garrick and Mrs. Siddons, and Mrs. Tate and the doctor.

I do not pretend to give a specimen: Mr. Mathews alone can do it.

Leigh Hunt.

Juvenilia for the Season.

THE STORY OF MACBETH.

By Sir Walter Scott.

(Concluded from page 28.)

THEN the cruel Macbeth came into king Duncan's bed-room about two in the morning. It was a terrible stormy night; but the noise of the wind and of the thunder could not awaken the king, as he was old and weary with his journey; neither could it awaken the two sentinels. They all slept soundly. So Macbeth having come into the room, and stepped gently over the floor, he took the two dirks which belonged to the sentinels, and stabbed poor old king Duncan to the heart, and that so effectually, that he died without giving even a groan. Then Macbeth put the bloody daggers into the hands of the sentinels, and he daubed their faces over with blood, that it might appear as if they had committed the murder. Macbeth was frightened at what he had done, but his wife made him wash his hands and go to bed.

Early in the morning, the nobles and gentlemen who attended on the king assembled in the great hall of the castle, and there they began to talk of what a dreadful storm it had been the night before. But Macbeth could scarcely understand what they said, for he was thinking on something much worse and more frightful than the storm, and was wondering what would be said when they heard of the murder. They waited for some time, but finding the king did not come from his apartment, one of the noblemen went to see whether he was well or not. But when he came into the room, he found poor king Duncan lying stiff, and cold, and bloody, and the two sentinels, with their dirks or daggers covered with blood, both fast asleep. As soon as the Scottish nobles saw this terrible sight, they were greatly astonished and enraged; and Macbeth made believe as if he were more enraged than any of them, and, drawing his sword, before any one could prevent him, he killed the two attendants of the king who slept in the bed-chamber, pretending to think they had been guilty of murdering king Duncan.

When Malcolm and Donaldbane, the two sons of the good king, saw their father slain in this strange manner within Macbeth's castle, they became afraid that they might be put to death likewise, and fled away out of Scotland; for notwithstanding

all the excuses which he could make, they still believed that Macbeth had killed their father. Donaldbane fled into some distant islands; but Malcolm, the eldest son of Duncan, went to the court of England, where he begged for assistance from the English king, to place him on the throne of Scotland as his father's successor.

In the meantime Macbeth took possession of the kingdom of Scotland, and thus all his wicked wishes seemed to be fulfilled. But he was not happy. He began to reflect how wicked he had been in killing his friend and benefactor, and how some other person, as ambitious as he was himself, might do the same thing to him. He remembered, too, that the old women had said, that the children of Banquo should succeed to the throne after his death, and therefore he concluded that Banquo might be tempted to conspire against him, as he had himself done against king Duncan. The wicked always think other people as bad as themselves. In order to prevent this supposed danger, he hired ruffians to watch in a wood, where Banquo and his son Fleance sometimes used to walk in the evening, with instructions to attack them, and kill both father and son. The villains did as they were ordered by Macbeth; but while they were killing Banquo, the boy Fleance made his escape from their wicked hands, and fled from Scotland into Wales. And it is said, that long afterwards his children came to possess the Scottish crown.

Macbeth was not the more happy that he had slain his brave friend and cousin Banquo. He knew that men began to suspect the wicked deeds which he had done, and he was constantly afraid that some one would put him to death as he had done his old sovereign; or that Malcolm would obtain assistance from the king of England, and come to make war against him, and take from him the Scottish kingdom. So, in this great perplexity of mind, he thought he would go to the old women, whose words had first put into his mind the desire of becoming a king. It is to be supposed that he offered them presents, and that they were cunning enough to study how to give him some answer, which should make him continue in the belief that they could prophesy what was to happen in future times. So they answered to him that he should not be conquered, or lose the crown of Scotland, until a great forest, called Birnam Wood, should come to attack him in a strong castle, situated on a high hill, called Dunsinane. Now, the hill of Dunsinane is upon the one side of a valley, and the forest of Birnam is upon the other.

There are twelve miles distance betwixt them ; and besides that, Macbeth thought it was impossible that the trees could ever come to the assault of the castle. He therefore resolved to fortify his castle on the hill of Dunsinane very strongly, as being a place in which he would always be sure to be safe. For this purpose he caused all his great nobility and thanes to send in stones, and wood, and other things wanted in building, and to drag them with oxen up to the top of the steep hill where he was building the castle.

Now, among other nobles who were obliged to send oxen, and horses, and materials, to this laborious work, was one called Macduff, the thane of Fife. Macbeth was afraid of this thane, for he was very powerful, and was accounted both brave and wise ; and Macbeth thought he would most probably join with prince Malcolm, if ever he should come from England with an army. The king, therefore, had a private hatred against the thane of Fife, which he kept concealed from all men, until he should have some opportunity of putting him to death as he had done Duncan and Banquo. Macduff, on his part, kept upon his guard, and went to the king's court as seldom as he could, thinking himself never safe unless while in his own castle of Kenmoy, which is on the coast of Fife, near to the mouth of the Frith of Forth.

It happened, however, that the king had summoned several of his nobles, and Macduff, the thane of Fife, amongst others, to attend him at his new castle of Dunsinane ; and they were all obliged to come, none dared stay behind. Now, the king was to give the nobles a great entertainment, and preparations were made for it. In the meantime Macbeth rode out with a few attendants, to see the oxen drag the wood and the stones up the hill, for enlarging and strengthening the castle. So they saw most of the oxen trudging up the hill with great difficulty, for the ascent is very steep, and the burdens were heavy, and the weather was extremely hot. At length Macbeth saw a pair of oxen so tired that they could go no farther up the hill, but fell down under their load. Then the king was very angry, and demanded to know who it was among his thanes that had sent oxen so weak and so unfit for labour, when he had so much work for them to do. Some one replied that the oxen belonged to Macduff, the thane of Fife. "Then," said the king in great anger, "since the thane of Fife sends such worthless cattle as these to do my labour, I will put his own neck into the yoke, and make him drag the burdens himself."

There was a friend of Macduff who heard these angry expressions of the king, and hastened to communicate them to the thane of Fife, who was walking in the hall of the king's castle while dinner was preparing. The instant that Macduff heard what the king had said, he knew he had no time to lose in making his escape ; for whenever Macbeth threatened to do mischief to any one, he was sure to keep his word.

So Macduff snatched up from the table a loaf of bread, called for his horses and his servants, and was galloping back to his own province of Fife before Macbeth and the rest of the nobility were returned to the castle. The first question which the king asked was, what had become of Macduff ? and being informed that he had fled from Dunsinane, he ordered a body of his guards to attend him, and mounted on horseback himself to pursue the thane, with the purpose of putting him to death.

Macduff, in the meantime, fled as fast as horses' feet could carry him ; but he was so ill provided with money for his expenses, that, when he came to the great ferry over the river Tay, he had nothing to give to the boatmen who took him across, excepting the loaf of bread which he had taken from the king's table. The place was called, for a long time afterwards, the Ferry of the Loaf.

When Macduff got into his province of Fife, which is on the other side of the Tay, he rode on faster than before, towards his own castle of Kenmoy, which, as I told you, stands close by the sea-side ; and when he reached it, the king and his guards were not far behind him. Macduff ordered his wife to shut the gates of the castle, draw up the drawbridge, and on no account to permit the king or any of his soldiers to enter. In the meantime he went to the small harbour belonging to the castle, and caused a ship which was lying there to be fitted out for sea in all haste, and got on board himself, in order to escape from Macbeth.

In the meantime Macbeth summoned the lady to surrender the castle, and to deliver up her husband. But Lady Macduff, who was a wise and a brave woman, made many excuses and delays, until she knew that her husband was safely on board the ship, and had sailed from the harbour. Then she spoke boldly from the wall of the castle to the king, who was standing before the gate still demanding entrance, with many threats of what he would do if Macduff was not given up to him.

"Do you see," she said, "yon white sail upon the sea ? Yonder goes Macduff

to the court of England. You will never see him again, till he comes back with young prince Malcolm to pull you down from the throne, and to put you to death. You will never be able to put your yoke, as you threatened, on the thane of Fife's neck."

Some say that Macbeth was so much incensed at this bold answer, that he and his guards attacked the castle and took it, killing the brave lady and all whom they found there. But others say, and I believe more truly, that the king, seeing that the Castle of Kennoway was very strong, and that Macduff had escaped from him, and was embarked for England, departed back to Dunsinane without attempting to take Macduff's Castle of Kennoway. The ruins of the castle are still to be seen.

There reigned at that time in England a very good king, called Edward the Confessor. I told you that prince Malcolm, the son of Duncan, was at his court soliciting assistance to recover the Scottish throne. The arrival of Macduff greatly aided the success of his petition; for the English king knew that Macduff was a brave and a wise man. As he assured Edward that the Scots were tired of the cruel Macbeth, and would join prince Malcolm if he were to enter Scotland at the head of an army, the king ordered a great warrior, called Siward, earl of Northumberland, to enter Scotland with an army, and assist prince Malcolm in the recovery of his father's crown.

Then it happened as Macduff had said, for the Scottish thanes and Nobles would not fight for Macbeth, but joined prince Malcolm and Macduff against him; so that at length he shut himself up in his castle of Dunsinane, where he thought himself safe, according to the old woman's prophecy, until Birnam Wood should come against him. He boasted of this to his followers, and encouraged them to make a valiant defence, assuring them of certain victory. At this time Malcolm and Macduff were come as far as Birnam Wood, and lay encamped there with their army. The next morning, when they were to march across the broad valley to attack the castle of Dunsinane, Macduff advised that every soldier should cut down a bough of a tree and carry it in his hand, that the enemy might not be able to see how many men were coming against them.

Now, the sentinel who stood on Macbeth's castle-wall, when he saw all these branches which the soldiers of prince Malcolm carried, ran to the king, and informed him that the wood of Birnam was moving towards the castle of Dunsinane.

The king at first called him a liar, and threatened to put him to death; but when he looked from the walls himself, and saw the appearance of a forest approaching from Birnam, he knew the hour of his destruction was come. His followers, too, began to be disheartened, and to fly from the castle, seeing their master had lost all hopes.

Macbeth, however, recollected his own bravery, and sallied desperately out at the head of the few followers who remained faithful to him. He was killed after a furious resistance, fighting hand to hand with Macduff in the thick of the battle. Prince Malcolm mounted the throne of Scotland, and reigned long and prosperously. He rewarded Macduff by declaring that his descendant should lead the vanguard of the Scottish army in battle, and place the crown on the king's head at the ceremony of coronation. King Malcolm also created the thanes of Scotland earls, after the title adopted in the court of England.—*Tales of a Grandfather.*

TEAKETTLE'S CONCERT, OR THE SILVER'S DOWNFALL.

A DOMESTIC TRAGEDY.

ONE bright November's afternoon,
Miss Kettle, feeling quite in tune,
Requested Betty's skilful hand,
To polish up her sides with sand;
And sent out cards to every friend,
An evening concert to attend.

The drawing-room its best display'd,
The curtains down—the carpet laid;
'Twas dark, and now the guests, a score,
Were loudly thumping at the door.
The two Miss Candies, twinkling creatures, true,
With taper waists and shining features,
Were first to enter; with them came
Their governess, a cross-patch dame,
Call'd Madame Souffers, who, 'twas granted,
Could trim her scholars when they wanted;
Though all allowed her merit such,
Each pupil brighten'd 'neath her touch.

Next Lady Teapot made her entrée,
Surrounded by her noisy gentry;
And Dandy Sugarbush, too,
The sweetest fellow, all in blue,
Though pert he seem'd to Lucy Crumple,
And bade her "either like or lump it."

Then Mrs. Urn came in a host,
Fearful she might not get a crust;
As she and Kettle met scarce ever,
Though both, as singers, were thought clever,
The cause of difference was this:

Once, jealous, Urn was known to Miss,
When Kettle sang, at Madame Steam's,
Her favorite air, "Ye Himplid streams."
But this, as Bellows said in chime,
Was an ill wind long since blown over;
Horse laugh'd that airy jest to hear,
But Tongue and Poker, with a sneer,
Observ'd, that rude and vulgar jokes
Were quite unworthy polish'd folks.

The overture thus being ended
Without much fuss, and well intended,
Kettle pour'd forth a pleasing strain,
So musical, and yet so plain.
It caus'd such mutual admiration,
Poor Urn was in a perspiration,

And next, with many a hem! and ha!
Warbled Italian, "Sol mi fa!"

Said Milk, "That's quite the cream of songs."
"Where did she pick it up?" ask'd Tong.
"Tis really melting," Candle sigh'd.
"Melting! d'ye call it? Snuffers cried;
"For my part, I detest such stuff."
Then took a pinch of hideous snuff,
And, lying down, in angry scorn,
Her mouth she stretch'd, with such a yawn,
And breath'd therefrom such strange perfume,
That Silver hurried from the room.
Nee and John Footman's hand the power
To save his falling on the floor;
Nay, worse, as if to end his cares,
He roll'd completely down the stairs:
Be sure this caus'd a grievous test,
For Silver was so smartly dress'd
In silver—and no bean as he
Handed the ladies toast or tea:
So guileless was his nature, too,
'Twas thought that *gill* he never knew,
Though all agreed he could sustain
A *heavy charge* for other's gain.

Brush swept into the room, and said,
Alas! alas! poor Silver's dead!"
Teakettle from the fire fell,
John Footman, weeping, rang the bell.
O, heavy woe! so little dreaded!
Both the Miss Candles were *light-headed*
Loud burst a scream from Mrs. Tray;
The Teaspoons fainted quite away:
Tears trickled down Urn's cheeks so fast,
'Twas fear'd she soon would weep her last.
More of their grief I dare not say,
Test you should weep as well as they.

Whims and Oddities for the Young.

ORANGES.

Bear me to the *citron* groves:

To where the *lemon* and the piercing *lime*,
With the deep ORANGE, glowing through the
green,

Their lighter glories blend. THOMSON.

THE migration of oranges into England, about this time, will, no doubt, render some account of this universally admired fruit acceptable to our readers: it is extracted from *Mr. Phillips's Pomarium Botanicum*. The China, or sweet oranges, with which this country is now so amply supplied, and at such moderate prices that all classes of society enjoy them as perfectly as if they had been indigenous to the climate, were introduced into Europe about the eleventh or twelfth century. At this time, several varieties of the orange were cultivated in Italy, whence they were taken to Spain and Portugal. The orange is now grown to so great an extent in Italy, that there are almost forests of them. Prince Antonio Borg-hese, at his Palace near Rome, has upwards of seventy sorts of orange and lemon trees, among which are some very rare kinds: it is a fruit so much esteemed in Italy, where it thrives well, that apples, pears, and cherries, have almost become extinct in that country. The delightful perfume of an orange-grove is such as to scent the air for miles: and the tree gives a succession of flowers du-

ring the whole summer, on which account it is cultivated in all green-houses, and large orangeries have been built for the express purpose of housing these trees: the most magnificent one is that of Versailles, built by Louis XIV. A fine orange-tree in this collection is called the "GREAT BOURBON," and is more than four hundred years old!

Oranges were known in this country in the time of Henry VIII.; but it does not appear that they were cultivated prior to Queen Elizabeth's reign. Henrietta Maria, queen of Charles I., had an orange-house and orange-garden at her mansion, Wimbledon Hall, in Surrey; and when this property was sold by order of the parliament in 1640, we find that *forty-two* orange-trees, "bearing *sayre* and large oranges," were valued at *ten pounds* a tree, one with another; and a lemon-tree at twenty pounds. Orange-trees have been grown in the southern parts of Devonshire for more than one hundred years past. When trained to walls, they produce large handsome fruit, but not of equal value to the lemons grown in the same situation. Most of these were raised in this country from seeds, and they are thought to be more hardy than trees imported; but the orange-trees which are brought every year from Italy, and sold principally at the Italian ware-houses in London, are as large as those of our own growth would be in twenty years. With proper care, these trees will have good heads, and produce fruit in about three years. The Mandarin orange was not cultivated in England until 1805. We have lately seen orange-trees imported from the south of France, which have arrived in small tubs; and so well packed, that the fruit and blossoms remained on the trees when they reached the neighbourhood of London.

In the *Philosophical Transactions*, No. 114, there is a very remarkable account of a tree standing in a grove near Florence, having an orange stock, which had been so grafted on, that it became in its branches, leaves, flowers, and fruit, three-formed; some emulating the orange, some the lemon or citron, and some partaking of both forms in one. These mixed fruits never produce any perfect seeds: sometimes there are no seeds at all in them, and sometimes only a few empty ones. The Maltese graft their orange-trees on the pomegranate-stock, which causes the juice to be of a red colour, and the flavour to be more esteemed. The Rev. Mr. Hughes, in his *Natural History of Barbadoes*, mentions the golden orange as growing in that island. He describes the fruit as a large

fine orange, of a deep colour within, from whence it derives the name of *Golden Orange*. He adds, "this fruit is neither of the Seville nor China kind, though it partakes of both, having the sweetness of the China, mixed with the agreeable bitterness and flavour of the Seville orange." *Time's Telescope for 1838.*

SPIRIT OF THE Public Journals.

UP WITH THE SUN AND DOWN
WITH THE SUN.

IN the dead of winter then you go to bed, you and your husband, and all your sixteen sons and daughters, and all your ten male and female servants, between four and five o'clock of the afternoon! Let the solar system, say we, mind its own business, and let us mind ours. There is room enough in the universe for us all. Because an immense globe of fire, or luminous matter, of one kind or other, ever so many millions of miles off, chances to set at a given hour, is that any reason why you must set too, who are close at hand, and not of luminous matter? We hold that it is as reasonable to sit up with the stars, as to lie down with the sun. The man in the moon is as much of a man as the man in the sun is—every inch of him—and though he occasionally rises, no doubt, and goes to bed very early, yet, unless we are much mistaken indeed, we have seen him with a glass and a lass too—after the watchman had ceased to crow the hour, and morning showed, by a restless glimmer, that she was about to awake, and again to "stand tiptoe on yon eastern mountain top." But nothing like a general system of rules for the guidance of human life can be deduced from the motions of the heavenly bodies.—*Blackwood's Magazine.*

"BLACKWOOD'S" FARE.

No man need write for *Maga*, with the most distant chance of admission on any other scale than the following:—

Breakfast at 9.—Two hot penny rolls—two toasted rounds of a quarter loaf—one ditto of butter toast—two hen's eggs, not earocks—a small ashet of fried mut-ton-ham—jelly and marmalade, *quantum suff.*—two bachelor's bowls of Congo—a caulker.

Lunch at 2.—Caviare—anchovies—pickled salmon—cold howtowdie and ham—a pint of porter—the loaf—two glasses of Madeira.

Dinner at 7.—Round of beef—hodge-podge—cod-head and shoulder—roasted

turkey—plum-pudding—jellies—a few tarts—two pots of porter—four glasses of hock—ditto, ditto, of champagne—two ditto of port—a bottle of claret.

Supper at 11.—Oysters—crabs—rimers—Welsh rabbit—pint of porter—three jugs of toddy.

By one o'clock the article is finished, perhaps a leading one, and given to the devil: and by breakfasting, dining, and supping in this style, for the last ten years, have we not enthroned *Maga* at the head of the Periodical Literature of the World?

SONG FOR "THE SEASON."

AIR.—"Blue bonnets over the Border."

WRITE, write, tourist and traveller—

Fill up your pages, and write in good order

Write, write, scribbler and driv'ler—

Why leave such margins? Come nearer the border.

Many a laurel dead flutters around your head,

Many a *tome* is your *memento mori*;

Come from your garrets, then, sons of the quill and pen—

Write for snuff-shops, if you write not for glory.

Come from your rooms, where the farthing wick's burning—

Come with your tales—speak thy gladness or woe;

Come from your small-beer to vinegar turni. g—
Come where the Port and the Burgundy flow.

Fame's trump is sounding—topics abounding—

Leave then, each scribbler, your high attic story;

Critics shall many a day speak of your book, and say,—

"He wrote for the snuff-shop—he wrote not for glory."

Write, write, tourist and traveller—

Fill up your pages, and write in good order;

Write, write, scribbler and driv'ler—

Why leave such margins? Come nearer the border. *Ibid.*

The Gatherer.

"I am but a *Gatherer* and disposer of other men's stuff."—*Watson.*

DR. TOE having been disappointed in his amatory proceedings by the preference given by the lady to his footman, John, the following *jeu d'esprit* was composed on the occasion:—

"Twixt footman John, and Dr. Toe,

A rivalry befel,

Which should prove the *favour'd beau*,

And bear away the *belle*.

The footman gained the lady's heart,

And who could blame him?—no man—

The whole prevailed against a part,

"Twas footman versus Toeman.

IRISH WIT.

As Sir Walter Scott was riding (a few weeks ago) with a friend in the neighbourhood of Abbotsford, he came to a field-gate, which an Irish beggar, who happened to be near, hastened to open for him. Sir Walter was desirous of rewarding this civility by the present of sixpence, but found that he had not so small a coin in his purse. "Here my good fellow," said the baronet, "here is a shilling for you; but mind, you owe me sixpence." "God bless your honour!" exclaimed Pat; "may your honour live till I pay you!"

WHEN the French landed at Bantry Bay, an Irish peasant, who was posted with a musket, upon one of the cliffs, and had wandered a little out of his position, was accosted by an English officer with "What are you here for?" "Faith, your honour," said Pat with his accustomed grin of good humour, "they tell me I'm here for a century."

ORIGIN OF THE COLOUR AND FRAGRANCE OF THE ROSE.

By Dr. Booker.

SPEAKING of the singular changes, effected in flowers by the transmission of their fæces, a lady said, "she understood that originally, there was but one kind of rose, which was white, and nearly scentless. What occasioned," said she, "so beautiful a variety in the species, as the red one? and whence did it derive its odour?" The author immediately, with his pencil, wrote as follows:—

To sinless Eve's admiring sight,
The rose expanded, snowy white;
When in an ecstasy of bliss,
She gave the modest flower a kiss;
And instantaneous, lo! it drew
From her red lip its blushing hue;
While from her breath, its sweetness
found,
And spread new fragrance all around.

THE BILLY DO.

From the Tale of a Modern Genius.

"DEAREST MARY,
'Twas when the seas was Rin and waves
run mountains hi,
O ther I Lay Deplorin with Eys fixt to
the sky,
to think on my Dear Mary, that I must
leaf Be-hind,
the farest of all Creaturs, She is allys in
my mind.
the first time I Beheld her, She sot my
heart on fier
to be acquainted with her 'Twas all my
Sol's desire;

to view her painted Bosom, her Brist as
whit as Sno,
you'd think she was an angel to see her
walk or go;
for such another woman was surely never
Born.
But if she Do prote Cruel, alas! I am
andone;
my hart it Burns like fuel, and I Dis-
tracted run.

I Remain, my dearest

Mary, your everlasting lover
through fire and smok and blood
and water,

JOHN BARTLETT.

second lieutenant on board the —."

VOYAGE OF HUMAN LIFE.

In the *Waverley Novels* we sometimes meet with snatches of sentiment which are worthy of the sages of olden time. Our readers will probably recollect the following gem:—"When we set out on the jolly voyage of life, what a brave fleet there is around us, as stretching our fresh canvass to the breeze, all ship shape and Bristol fashion' pennons flying, music playing, cheering each other as we pass, we are rather amused than alarmed when some awkward comrade goes right ashore for want of pilotage. Alas! when the voyage is well spent, and we look about us, toil-worn mariners, how few of our ancient consorts still remain in sight, and they, how torn and wasted; and, like ourselves, struggling to keep as long as possible off the fatal shore, against which we are all finally drifting!"—*Chronicles of the Canongate*.

THE BEE.

Imitated from the Greek of Theocritus,
Idyl. 19.

CLARA, beautiful and young,
Straying once the woods among,
By a little bee was stung.
She cried, and danc'd, and beat the
ground,
And press'd and suck'd the smarting
wound.

The nymph at length her lover spies,
And sobbing, thus in anguish cries:—

"Is it not strange that little bees,
Should make such mighty wounds as
these!"

The lover smil'd with downcast eyes,
And, sweetly whispering, thus replies—
"Thou, my love, art like the bee,
Sweets and stings unite in thee;
Thou art small, but well I know
Thy wounds, sweet nymph, are seldom
so."

H. M. L.

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